

LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. I.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 28.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1826.

LADIES MUSEUM.

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Miscellany.

THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER.

Sir William —, soon after the death of his father, became possessed of a very large estate. Having then the means of enjoying his great pleasure, (travelling,) he determined on leaving England, with the intention of returning to it again after he had visited the south of France, Italy, &c. While at Piedmont, descending one of the valleys, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir William preferred the conveyance of an English hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horse unluckily made a false step, and fell, with his rider, to the ground, from which Sir William was lifted, by his servants, apparently lifeless. They conveyed him on a litter to the nearest house, which happened to be the dwelling of a venerable old man of the name of Venoni, and his daughter. Venoni himself being a little skilled in surgery, bled him, and had him put to bed: in less than a week he was so much recovered as to be able to enjoy the company of Venoni and his daughter. The latter, whose name was Louisa, attracted Sir William's attention. He found her conversant and accomplished; her favorite music was the lute, which, together with Venoni's little hand organ, formed the music of his dwelling. Sir William, being an excellent performer on the violin, used to join in the harmony with Louisa and her father. Sir William had excited a warmth of affection in Louisa, and Louisa was most dear to Sir William.—The passion of Sir William for Louisa became ignited, and there was but one way in which his pride allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this, as a base and unworthy way, but, he was the fool of words he had often despised, the slave of manners he had often condemned. He at last resolved to think no more of Louisa, or, at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude, or of the restraints of virtue. Louisa, who trusted to both, communicated to Sir William an important secret. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild, melan-

choly air: "That, (said she,) nobody ever heard except my father; I composed it to the memory of my dear mother; sometimes I play it when my heart is full of sorrow, and it was on that account it came just now across my mind."

Sir William pressed to know the cause of her sorrow, when she told him: Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbor, rich in possession, but rude in manners, for her husband; the thoughts of which made her miserable. "To marry where one cannot love, to marry such a man, Sir William!"

Now was the time for Sir William: an opportunity beyond his resistance. He gently pressed her hand, and said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage, praised her beauty, extolled her virtue, and concluded by declaring that he adored her. Sir William improved the favorable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificance of ceremonies and forms, the eternal duration of those dictated by love, and, in fine, urged her going off with him!

Louisa started at the proposal. She would have reproach him, but her heart was not made for reproach; she could only weep. They were interrupted by the arrival of the father, who told Louisa that he intended she should be married in a week at the farthest; words most dreadful to the feelings of Louisa. In the evening she wandered forth into a thicket formed of poplars, and sitting down on a withered stump, leaning her cheek on her hand, indulged her sorrows alone. On a sudden she was arrested by the sounds of footsteps, when she arose, and, turning round, beheld Sir William. His countenance was downcast. "Are you not well, Sir William?" said Louisa, with a voice faint and broken. To which Sir William shook his head, sighed, and said, "This moment I leave you, Louisa; I go to be wretched, but you may be happy with your husband. I go to my native country, to try and procure a sort of half oblivion of that happiness which I once dreamed might be made delightful with Louisa."

Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir William's servants appeared with a carriage for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures; the one he had painted of Louisa he fastened round his neck, and kissing it with rapture, hid it in his bosom. The other he held out, in a hesitating manner, to Louisa. "This, (said he,) if Louisa will accept it, may sometimes put her in mind of one who never can cease to adore her; she may look on it when this heart shall have forgotten to love, and ceased to be wretched."

Louisa at last was overcome. "Oh, Sir William, (said she,) what, what would you have me do?" He eagerly grasped her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and, driving off with great rapidity, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate Venoni.

Louisa fell—but her sense of virtue was not over-

come. Sir William paid her every attention during her journey, and on their arrival in England, took her to his seat in the country. Louisa's only pleasures, if they could be so called, were her books and her music, which served to alleviate for a while her misery, and blunt the pangs of contrition. Sir William's heart was not made for that which he thought it could have performed; it was still subject to the remorse, compassion, and love. Louisa never mentioned her wrongs in words, but many times a few starting tears would speak them. Her pangs were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father; a father left in his old age to feel and suffer under his own misfortunes, and his daughter's disgrace. Sir William meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done him, by that cruel bounty, which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest an insult. But he had not an opportunity of doing that, as he heard that Venoni, shortly after the elopement of his daughter, removed from his habitation, and breathed his last in one of the villages of Savoy.—Louisa felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction for a while refused consolation. Sir William now called forth the whole of his tenderness and attention to mitigate her sufferings; and at last determined on removing her to London, thinking the gaiety there might contribute to alleviate her grief. In London he hired her a house, but did not live with her. She then felt all the horrors of that guilt which she now considered as not only the ruin of herself, but as the murder of her father. Sir William now launched into company; but there the pleasures he experienced were as fallacious as the friendships of his companions. In the society of Louisa, he found sensibility and truth; hers was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare. Through grief, at last, Louisa began to lose her rest, and the color faded from her cheeks. Sir William observed these alterations taking place; often did he wish to blot out a few months of his life, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber, and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening, while Sir William sat in a little parlor, with Louisa, a hand organ, of remarkable sweet tone, was heard in the street. Louisa dropped her lute, and listened: there she heard the old tunes played she had been accustomed to dance to; tears, in spite of every effort, trickled down her cheeks.—Sir William ordered his servant to call the organist into the room: he was accordingly brought, and seated at the door. He played one or two tunes which Louisa well knew; she gave herself up to recollection, and her tears flowed without control. Suddenly the musician, changing the stop, introduced a little air of a wild and plaintive kind. Louisa started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger. He threw off a tattered cloak, and black patch. It was her father! She would have sprung to embrace him, but he turned aside: at last, nature overcoming resent-

ment, he burst into tears, and dearly-pressed to his bosom his long-lost daughter. Sir William stood fixed in astonishment.

"I come not to upbraid you, (said Venoni.) I come but to seek my child, to forgive her, and to die.—When you saw us first, Sir William, we were virtuous and happy; we danced and we sung. Yet we left our dancing; you were distressed, and we pitied you. Since that day, the organ, nor the lute, have never been heard in the fields of Venoni: grief has almost brought me to the grave. Yet, me thinks, though you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy: or else why that dejected look amidst this grandeur I see you wear, and those tears, which, under the gaudiness of apparel, I saw that poor deluded girl shed?"

"But she shall shed no more, (cried Sir William;) you shall be happy and I will be just. Forgive, my venerable friend, the injuries I have done thee; forgive me, my Louisa, for rating your excellence at the price so mean. You, my Louisa, continue to love your William but a few hours, and you shall add the title to the affections of a wife. Let my future care bring back peace to your mind, and its bloom to your cheeks. We will restore your father to his native home; under that roof we will once more be happy. Again shall the pipe and the dance gladden the valley, and innocence and peace beam on the cottage of Venoni."

ALONZO AND HIS FATHER, OR AN UNNATURAL STEP-MOTHER.

*I love—when midnight's curtains spread,
O'er Earth, and Sky, and Sea—to tread
The hallow mound,*

Where lie the ashes of the dead:

I love that holy ground.

On an evening of a beautiful autumnal day, while journeying in the State of Maine, I stopped at the village of C——. At a little distance from the Inn where I alighted, was a church-yard, enclosed with a row of elms. I love to visit such retreats; to retire from the world, and, alone, tread over the hallowed ground where we all must finish our earthly toils; to read the simple testimonies of love and affection on the stones which point out the graves. It gives me a feeling of solemnity which I can realize in no other place: not a superstitious feeling, for all the mementos which rise around me, point to heaven; they tell me it is only the mortal part of humanity which lies in the earth; that the soul, freed from the clay which enclosed it, has gone to partake of higher enjoyments than it had ever known in the world.

I entered the enclosure: the sun was just setting, leaving a rich and mellow light around, reminding me of the death of the just, for, like the memory of the good, his last rays were the loveliest. Most of the monuments were a simple and neat slab of white marble. I read their inscriptions as I walked down the aisle, and often, as I passed those which were peculiarly striking, transcribed them with a pencil.—While engaged thus, I heard a deep hallow groan. I looked around, but saw no living being near me.—It was again repeated; and directly I heard, in a low voice: "Father, thy judgments are right, I bow to

thy decrees." I could not resist the impulse of proceeding to the spot from whence the voice came. I approached, and saw an old man kneeling on the margin of a late made grave. He heard the rustling of the grass, turned, and saw me. "I am a stranger, (said I;) pardon this intrusion." He rose, and, taking my hand, replied: "Mine are unearthly sorrows. The last tie which bound me to the world, lies buried before me—the victim of misguided affection."

I desired the venerable man to give me the history of that event which seemed so deeply to affect him. He led me to a seat a little distance, and appeared willing to unburthen his heart by a recital.

"In early life, (said he,) I married a woman for whom I had the sincerest affection; and while she lived, I knew no unhappiness. She died in a few years, and with her I buried all my enjoyments. She left a son, and as he grew up, his mind expanded; his soul was the seat of genius; and eloquence fell like honey from his lips. I was urged again to enter the conjugal state, with a view of removing that solitude of feeling which weighed down my heart. In an unfortunate moment, I followed this advice. Spirit of my departed Euphonia! (he ejaculated,) forgive me. My second wife prejudiced me against my child; his boyish follies, his frolics, his sallies of wit, were exaggerated and distorted to steel my heart against him. He saw that he had lost the affections of his father, and he rightly judged the cause. Could it be wondered that a boy of his years should shew his dislike to his unnatural step mother? He did so; and at the age of fourteen, in a moment of madness, I gave him money, and forbade him ever again to enter my house."

Here the old man's feelings stopped his utterance, and he sat overwhelmed with tears. I did not interrupt him, and in a few minutes he proceeded:

"Alonzo, for that was the name of the youth, in grief, supplicated my compassion; but I was inflexible—and he left me, to go, I knew not whither. A few days elapsed, and I awoke to the sense of the deed I had done; and I sought him, but learnt, to the destruction of my peace, that he had sailed in a ship bound for Calcutta. I returned home, but it was no longer a home to me. My second wife died, and I resolved, by a life of penance, to expiate my unnatural crime. I sold my property, and purchased stock, if, perchance, my son should ever return, that he might receive it; and built a hut by the sea-shore, where I lived, in solitude, a living death!

One year rolled away after another, and while walking out upon the beach one bright summer's morning, when "all nature smiled, but not for me she smiled," I beheld, at a distance, approaching my cottage, a man, in the habiliments of a sailor, wounded in his limbs, pale and trembling. Not knowing but he was an unfortunate mariner, cast away upon this desolate shore, I hastened to welcome him under my humble roof. I approached him—O, God! it was my son! my only son!"

Again the old man stopped; his eyes were wild; he looked up to heaven, and down upon the grave. I trembled, lest his exertion should derange his faculties. But by degrees his features became calm, and he continued:

"I could not embrace him; my conduct, in all its deformity, rushed to my recollection—and I could only say, Almighty Father, in Heaven, forgive me! Alonzo stood, but spoke not; I raised my eyes to his; they told a language of unutterable woe; it was too much for him, and he fell into my arms.

Sometime elapsed before we could converse upon the subject so painfully interesting to us both; but I found that his voyage was pleasant; that his anguish was unspeakable in leaving all that he loved, all that delighted his young heart; but the new scenes which he daily witnessed wore off this intense feeling, and he beheld Calcutta, with delight, as he passed up the Hoogly and approached that city. Every thing was new, and every thing interested him. At length the ship received its return cargo, and set sail for his native shore. His heart beat with rapture, as she spread her broad wings to the gale. He fancied that he should again see his home, and that his father would again love him. Already had they passed the equator, when a strange vessel approached them, made the ship a prize, and carried the crew prisoners to England—war having been declared between that country and the United States. They were sent to Dartmoor—a name associated with horror—and in that dreadful massacre in which numbers lost their lives, he was thus mutilated. At the conclusion of peace, worn down with toil, anxiety, and sickness, he came home to tell his father that he forgave him, and to die! He lingered for a few days, and blessing me with his last breath, closed his life of sorrow.—There is his grave, (said he, pointing to the place where I first saw him;) I visit it daily, and pour out my soul upon it. I feel that I shall soon lie beside him, and there my woes will end."

The old man rose and went his way—

*Deep, deep was his utterless mourning;
But the woes of that night no morrow's bright light
Will dispel with the beams of its dawning.*

The moon had now risen, and its rays shone thro' the dark foliage. All nature seemed in harmony with the scene. But the sound of the village clock admonished me to seek my habitation; and I left the spot deeply affected by the incident I have related.

THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.

The sailing-master of a vessel belonging to a port on the East coast of Scotland, was, on a voyage to the Mediterranean, captured by the Algerines, and detained in slavery for eleven years; five of these employed at hard labor, with a bullet of eleven pounds weight fettered to his ankle, until happily released from so painful a situation, in consequence of the celebrated chastisement inflicted on those barbarians by Admiral Lord Exmouth.

Returning to his native town, sufficiently disguised in tattered apparel, a toil-worn countenance, and an unshorn beard, he learnt that his wife, after passing ten years in supposed widowhood, (ship, cargo and crew being conjectured to have perished at sea,) had married a second husband; and that a son, left apprentice at the book-binding business, now kept a book-selling and stationary shop, in which he was assisted by a daughter.

The liberated captive sought out and entered the shop, and, on pretence of being recommended to a bed, invited himself home with them in the evening, and there found his Jean and her new husband, enjoying themselves around the domestic hearth. After some circumlocution, and preparing the way, he enquired, (naming his wife,) if such a woman still lived in the place; and if she did, he had some intelligence of her husband to communicate.

The question, under the present circumstances of the family, rather alarmed than pleased, and caused the stranger to be looked upon with suspicion, as meaning to impose on them. At length, assuming the well-known look and tone of undiminished affection, he appealed to his Jean if she did not recognise him under all his concealment. The appeal was not made in vain; the recognition, on both sides, was tender and affecting. On being asked to which of the two husbands she chose to attach herself, the "wife of two husbands" emphatically exclaimed, that Willie, (the first husband,) had been the betrothed of her youth, her first love, and the parent of her children; and now, that he was, as it were, restored to her from the dead, her choice was to be his for life and death. The second husband, having had it put at his option, by the real gude-man, to appropriate what he could justly claim, acted extremely honorably, choosing nothing but a gold watch, he himself had presented to the supposed widow, when he wedded her; and on its being restored, left the house, town, and that district of the country, never since having been either seen or heard of. The prominent actor of this little interesting drama has now a vessel of his own, and is occasionally in the habit, in pursuance of his marine occupation, of visiting the port of Perth, and tells the tale of his romantic adventure as it really occurred, with an amusing pleasantry and original simplicity.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES MUSEUM.

Sir—Although you are not "authorized," by law, either to promulgate the laws of this State, or of the United States, in the Museum, yet you are not, if I am correctly informed, "prohibited" the privilege, so to do, if you choose; if that be the case, you will confer a favor by inserting the following extracts from the Blue Laws of one of the States in New-England. No doubt every true Yankee will very readily guess for the government of which State they were enacted:

"No food or lodging shall be offered to a quaker, Admamite, or other heretic. No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting. No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave, on the Sabbath day. No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting days. A debtor, in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out, and sold, to make satisfaction. No gospel minister shall join people in marriage; the magistrates only shall join in marriage, as they can do it with less scandal to Christ's church. When parents refuse their children convenient marriage, the magistrates shall determine the point. No man shall court a maid, in person, or by letter, without first obtaining the consent of her parents; five pounds pen-

alty for the first offence, ten pounds for the second, and for the third, imprisonment. Married persons must live together, or be imprisoned. Witches must be burnt."



POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

ON A SLEEPING INFANT.

Sleep on, sweet Innocence, divinely blest—
Sleep, and enjoy, of heaven, thy peaceful rest;
May no rude storms thy pillow e'er invade;
May virtue wrap thee in her peaceful shade—

And when thy years extending beauties show,
May thy fair bosom never feel or know,
The ills of life, which mortals all partake—
Blest in contentment for thy virtue's sake.

Sweet Babe, as yet thou sleep'st, unconscious blest,
Nor sickness dire, nor want, can now molest;
Kind Heaven's indulgent hand protects thy life,
And screens thee from the ills of baneful strife—

Gives to parental fondness all its due,
In granting them—sweet innocence—but you;
Gives to their minds contentment, calm with peace,
A joy, which, with thy life, can only cease.

Thy father views, sweet Babe, thy sparkling eye,
And eager startles at thy feeble sigh;
Sees thee extend thy little trembling arms,
And smiles, with transport, on thy budding charms.

Wrapt in extatic bliss, he sees thee smile,
Then turns from him thy pouting lips a while,
Only to prove, by thy returning look,
Thou know'st thy Father by great nature's book.

See, too, thy beautiful Mother's tender care,
Wipes from thy damask lip the dew-drop there;
Kisses, with rapture, all thy beauties o'er,
And strives, with gazing eyes, to view thee more—

Clasps thee, in transport, to her panting breast,
And lulls thy closing eyes, in downy rest;
Weeps o'er thy woes, when thou dost seem to weep,
And dares to sleep—but only when you sleep.

D—

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

Mr. Mazzy—

Having constantly read your valuable and interesting *Museum*, and having been pleased with the plan adopted and pursued by one of your poetical correspondents, "J. S." I have taken the liberty to stroll along the same path with him; and should you approve of it, the "Garland" may probably occupy

some corner of your paper, in the absence of matter of great utility and of more importance.

SIGMA.

THE GARLAND, NO. 1.

TO ABBY.

"In sooth, he was a wild and wayward wight."

GOLDSMITH.

He ne'er again thy lip shall press,
Enraptur'd, kneel at Beauty's shrine;
Those heavenly charms are giv'n to bless
A purer heart, more worthy thine.

And yet, to think of all he felt,
When in thine eyes, soft beaming shone,
The magic language that could melt
The heart in bliss, till then unknown.

Oh! in those moments, sunshine all,
The heart's dear blossom sweetly bloom'd,
And well does memory recall
The blight that wither'd and consum'd.

Oh! it was strange—though either lov'd,
With passion fervant and sincerely;
Each o'er a sep'rate pathway rov'd,
The ills of life to prove severely.

I know not if remembrance lives
With thee, of him once lov'd so well;
I know not if thy bosom heaves,
If mem'ry on the pass'd should dwell.

But many a pang has wrung his breast,
Since the sad hour he sigh'd "Farewell!"
And many a pang has broke his rest,
And many a thought he may not tell—

Springs to the past, with bitter sadness,
And, all embodied, brings, again,
Feelings that thrill almost to madness,
And leave him to regret and pain.

Oh! many a day has dawn'd and fled
Since first you met so joyous hearted;
And many a burning tear been shed,
Since the sad moment when you parted.

Farewell! he never may again
Recall thee as in former time—
To think of thee, is more than pain—
Thy lip to press, more than a crime.

POWER OF LOVE.

Mr. Mazzy—

I send you the following concluding lines of Sheridan's Epilogue to his play of the "Rivals;" by publishing them you will oblige

Yours, with respect and esteem,

J. S.

"The poorest peasant to the poorest soil,
The child to poverty and heir to toil,
Early from love's imparted light,
Steals one small spark to cheer this world of night.
Dear Spark! that oft, through winter's chilling woes,
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows."

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

TO MISS ELIZA

ELIZA—I have one request,
And sure a boon so easily given
Will ne'er disturb thy gentle breast,
When practis'd both on earth—in heaven.

'Twill ripen much the feeling heart;
Yield a sweet, a heavenly bliss:
It is when *lovers* have to part,
To seal their parting with a *kiss*.

WILLIAM.

There are few, we believe, who have lived
any considerable time, who have not seen and felt
the truth of the following lines—which we insert by
request.

FRIENDSHIP.

Ye speak of *Friendship* as a gift bestowed
To every being by the hand of God;
A *natural* flame, which glows in every breast—
A *common* thing, by all alike possess'd.

Whilst fortune *smiles*, and *plenty* fills your board;
Whilst copious draughts your cheering vaults afford;
Whilst *rosy health* supports the human frame;
Whilst *credit* lasts, and whilst exists your fame—

Whilst you have plenty, and have cash to spend,
So long you're known—so long you have a Friend!
But change the scene—let sickly fortune *frown*,
You stand *forsaken*, and, alas, *unknown!*

Let wretched *poverty* and *hunger* press;
Let *want* hang out the ensign of distress;
Let sore *affliction* sink thy feeble frame,
Let cruel *slander* wound thy honest fame—

Let neighbors slight thee, and let *credit* fail;
Let sheriffs come and creditors assail;
Where's then thy *Friend*? Alas! you search in vain;
Self-interest sways—unheeded you complain!

Alas! how oft, in *friendship's* garb array'd,
Deception triumphs—hapless man's betray'd!
Pretended friends in every clime abound;
But *real friends* are "rare as comets" found.

Ye who pretend the human heart to know,
Show me a *Friend*, and I'll an *Angel* show.

COME REST IN THIS BOSOM.

A favorite Song.

Come rest in this bosom,
My own stricken dear;
Though the herd have fled from thee,
Thy home is still here:
Here still is the smile,
That no cloud can o'ercast;
And the heart and the hand,
All thy own to the last!

Oh! what was love made for,
If 'tis not the same,
Through joy and through torments,
Through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not,
If guilt's in that heart;
I but know that I love thee,
Whatever thou art!

Thou hast call'd me thy angel,
In moments of bliss—
Still thy angel I'll be,
Mid the horrors of this—
Through the furnace, unshrinking,
Thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee and save thee,
Or perish there too.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, FEB. 4, 1826.

GLITTERING WINTER.

The weather has at length assumed all the severity
of an "old fashioned winter." From morning to
night and from night to morning, we might say, there
is nothing but a continual jingling of bells all over
our town. Considerable snow has fallen, and, al-
though unequally distributed, yet the dashing spirits
of both sexes are gliding over the streets, enveloped
in their buffalo robes. At the present moment,
(thanks to the fleecy clouds,) we have, for the first
time this year, a bit of tolerable good sleighing. Our
streets, with a few exceptions, are very smooth;
and in merry peals, or the cracking of lengthened
whips, we are able to shoot beyond the "Literary
Emporium" herself.

P. S.—Since the above was in type the weather
has moderated a little; and at the time our paper
was put to press, (Friday afternoon,) it was some-
what misty—but the bells have not yet ceased to jin-
gle.

LOADSTONE.

We learn from the Fayetteville Sentinel that an
important discovery has recently been made. Load-
stone, possessing all the magnetic properties in a
powerful degree, has been found in Rockingham
county, N. C. in great abundance.

"The manner in which the discovery was first
made known, is rather novel, and smacks a little of
Sinbadism. A person, ploughing in a field, had the
share of his plough suddenly disengaged from its
place; and, upon examining the cause, found to his
great astonishment, that the Loadstone had taken
possession of it, and embraced it so strongly as to re-
quire considerable exertion to extricate it."

It is well that the plough-jogger was not shod in
fashionable dandy-boots, with small horse-shoes on
the heels, or he might as suddenly have been brought
to a "stand-still," as the plough-share was.

BLUE LAWS.

The Editor of the Salem Observer has quite a pro-
pensity for hunting up and publishing things both
new and old. Among the latter, a late paper of his
contains the particulars of a trial which took place in
the State of Connecticut, in 1660, under that section
of the *blue laws* which prohibited *kissing*. The of-
fenders were Sarah Tuttle and Jacob Murline. It ap-
peared in evidence, that Sarah dropped her gloves,
and Jacob found them. When Sarah asked for them,
Jacob demanded a kiss for his pay, and as the de-
mand did not appear to be extravagant, Sarah ad-
justed the matter without requiring credit. The

facts were clearly proved, and the parties were fined
twenty shillings each. "Had the law been kept in
force until this time, we have no doubt that the
Treasury of Connecticut would have been the rich-
est in the universe!"

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

In order to render the *LADIES MUSEUM* more wor-
thy of the patronage of its numerous subscribers, and
with a further view of encouraging "Native Litera-
ture," we now offer the following Premiums:

1st.—For the best original *Tale* or *Essay*, to occu-
py about two pages of the *Museum*, a complete set
of the *Dramatic Works* of William Shakespeare—
Book-Store price \$10.

2d.—For the second best original *Tale* or *Essay*, as
above, the first volume of the *Ladies Museum*.

All communications must be addressed to "Eaton
W. Maxcy, Providence, R. I." prior to the tenth of
March next—when the premiums will be awarded
by a committee of gentlemen selected for that pur-
pose. It is expected that communications from a
distance will be post paid.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Lines from a Lady in the county to her friend in
this town," and "J. H." shall be attended to in our
next.



MARRIED,

In this town, on Wednesday evening last, by Rev.
Mr. Pickering, Mr. Enoch W. Clarke, (of the firm of
S. & M. Allen & Co.) to Miss Sarah Crawford, second
daughter of Nehemiah Dodge, Esq. all of this town.

On Thursday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Pickering,
Mr. John Thurston, to Miss Mary Chace, all of this
town.

In Attleborough, Mass. on the 23d ultimo, by Rev.
Mr. Hall, Mr. George W. Hatch, to Miss Patience R.
Mason.



DIED,

In this town, on Sunday morning last, Stephen
H. Phillips, aged one year and ten months, son of Mr.
Stephen Phillips.

On Thursday night last, Dr. George W. Hoppin.
Funeral at 4 o'clock, to-morrow afternoon, from his
late residence, in Pine-st.

On Monday evening last, Mrs. Nancy Sheldon, wife
of Mr. John F. Sheldon, in the forty-fourth year of
her age.

On Monday morning last, Helen, infant daughter of
Mr. Wm. H. Russell, aged 4 months.

In Northampton, Mass. on Thursday week, Mrs.
Sarah Hutchens, wife of Mr. John Hutchens, of this
town.